

The Tragedie

A greivous burthen was thy birth to me,
Tetchie and waierd was thy infancy,
Thy schoole-dates frightfull, desperate, wild and furious;
Thy age confirme, proud subtile, bloudie trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy company?

King. Faith none but *Humphrey* houre, that cald your grace
To breakefast once forth of my company:
If it be so gracious in your sight,
Let me march on and not offend your grace.

Duc. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.

King. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Duc. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance
Ere from his warre thou turne a conquerour,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauy curse,
Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleate armour that thou werst,
My prayers on the aduerser party fight,
And there the little soules of *Edwards* children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemyes,
And promise them successe in victory,
Bloody thou art and bloody will be thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

Qu. Though farr more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say amen to all.

King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.

Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murder, for my daughters, *Richard*
They shall be praying nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues,

King. You haue a daughter cald *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.

Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,
Slander my selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed,
Throw ouer her the vail of infamy,
So she may liue vncard from bleeding slaughter,

of Richard the Third

I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter

King. Wrong not her birth shee is of

Qu. To saue her life, Ile say she is not

King. Her life is onely safest in her birth

Qu. And onely in that safety died her

King. Loe at their births good starres

Qu. No to there liues bad friends were

King. All vnauoyded is the doome of

Qu. True when auoyded grace mak

My babes were destinde to a fairer death
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life

King. Madam so thriue I in my danger

As intend more good to you and yours,

Then euer you and yours were by me

Qu. What good is couered with the f

To be discouered that can doe me good

King. The advancement of your children

Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose

King. No to the dignity and height of

The high imperiall tipe of this earths glo

Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report

Tell me what state, what dignity, what h

Canst thou demise to any childe of min

King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe

Will I endow a child of thine,

So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,

Thou drowne the sad remembrance of

Which thou supposest I haue done to the

Qu. Be brieue, least that the processe of

Last longer telling then thy kindnesse d

King. Then know that from my soule

Qu. My daughters mother thinks it w

King. What doe you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter

So from thy soule didst thou loue her br

And from my hearts loue, I thanke thee

King. Be not so hastie to confound my

I meane that with my soule I loue thy d

And meane to make her Queenes of Engla